

THREE DIMENSIONAL!



ALIEN WORLDS

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No. 1

RECOMMENDED
FOR MATURE
READERS





Countdown . . . three twenty-seven . . . three twenty-eight . . . twenty-nine . . . **BAM!** There goes the bell!

Slam shut the brown-and-green cover of "Basic Math" for the last time this week, grab my Tom Corbett metal lunch box and hit the halls! Flying! U.S. Keds slapping linoleum halls! "No running, you kids!" Poop on you, Miss Olinger, it's FRIDAY!! It's Spring! School's out! May as well tell a kid not to **BREATHE!**

Bound down the cement steps of Clark Elementary, out into Webster's Grove's sunlight, bright and yellow and warm like the exhaust on Corbett's Polaris! Cousin Scott waiting on the sidewalk. A fat green grasshopper plummets mindlessly after us as we charge in tandem toward the waiting bike rack, shrieking triumphantly through the cosmos: "Tom Corbett—Spaaaaace Cadet!"

My trusty Schwinn waits patiently in the sun, blood of my blood. Toss the hand-worn school books into the front basket and leap aboard the tattered seat. A pang of doubt drags irritably at me—I'm flunking math, can't get the damned long division. Who cares? I'm going to be a cartoonist anyway, or a movie star. Math is another weekend and two billion millenium away! Scott grins at me over his handlebars as we rocket along Rockhill road; that "knowing" look, a shared secret: "IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE" opens at the Shady Oak tonight! And it's in **3-D!** Good God, can one ask more of life?

We lean into the wind, shirt tails flying, legs pumping, breathing deep the first earthen scent of Summer's promise . . . newly mown lawns . . . Kool-Aid . . .

My Schwinn is faster than Scott's balloon tire job, my legs stronger, but I'll not betray his trust by pulling ahead; we are cousins but we are brothers.

Marcie's Market looms ahead. A spray of gravel, a flash of kickstand, we are inside, a quick stop to check on Spacemen bubble gum cards, I need #20—"CRASH LANDING IN A MERCURIAN BOQ." I must have a complete set! But there are no new cards today so I grab a Three Musketeers, Scott a packet of cherry Lick-M-Aid, and we're airborne again.

Johnny Fotch is waiting by the bikes, stuffing in yet another wad of Double Bubble, scanning the latest adventures of Pud on the wrapper funnies. Scott can't resist a gloat: "We're gonna see a **3-D** movie tonight, Fotch!"

Johnny is unusually cool and indifferent, barely looking up from the gum wrapper. "So? I got somethin' better at home."

Bull! What could possibly be better?
"I got a **3-D comic book!**"

Double bull! Impossible! Can't be done!

"Can't be done, Fotch!"

"Well I got it. S'called 'Tor.' S'got dinosaurs 'n' cavemen 'n' stuff! Neat!"

"Bull, yer lyin'!"

Fotch blows a defiant bubble, mounts up with a smirk, and is gone. We laugh, Scott and me, all the way home! **3-D comics!** Ha!

Still . . . wouldn't it be wonderful, I think . . . dimensional dinosaurs . . . the vaporous bogs wafting right off the page . . . "Looks like it's out of focus," Fotch had said, "til you put the glasses on."

Impossible. Can't be done.

Dad's beige Ford is in the driveway. T-bone steaks tonight!

Maybe I'll ask to stay over at Scott's after the movie, we can drink Orange Nehi's, eat Sugar Pops and play with his Lionel train if Uncle Carl isn't using the ping pong table where it's set up. Dad's seated at the dining room table, tie askew, coat off, dark hair glistening, handsome. "Hi, Big Boy!" he waves. Mom's got chocolate chips going. The whole house smells of Friday night; warmth, security, a comfortable wall against unknown tomorrows. The moment—Dad's smile, Mom's apron, the suburban walls—freezes indelibly, photographed by my soul, any hint that it won't all go on forever summarily dismissed . . .

Dad has that look; he's bought me something on the road, some prize from the dusty rack of a dusty corner drug store in some faraway dusty Midwestern town. He holds it up, winking: a comic book. "Ever seen one of these things?"

"**TOR . . . IN THE LAND OF 1,000,000 YEARS AGO.**"
In **3-D.**

I cannot breathe. It is beyond wonderful. Nearly beyond comprehension. It is a treasure for a wise and powerful king. Yet it is mine. I will call Scott, certainly, I can already hear his gasp of disbelief. But for now, "IT CAME FROM OUTER SPACE" temporarily forgotten, I will sit at my drawing board and read "TOR" three times in a row, savoring Kubert's genius, his gift, until Mom calls me repeatedly to the table and I pull the mysterious red-and-green cardboard glasses from my eyes, ten-ton triceratops still lumbering deliciously in my head. Clearly, life can never be the same after this.

It is 1953. I am ten.

Miracles still occur with dependable frequency . . .

— Bruce Jones
Editor

I SAT IN THE COCKPIT OF OUR LITTLE SPACE SKIMMER HOLDING UP THE PICTURE OF BRICK. I STARED LOVINGLY AT THE STRONG, CHISELED FEATURES, THE WIDE, POWERFUL SHOULDERS, THE THICK MUSCULAR ARMS. BRICK SPENCER. A *MAN'S* MAN. YES...BUT COULD HE EVER BE A *WOMAN'S* MAN? OH, I LOVED HIM. IT WAS *LIVING* WITH HIM THAT WAS THE PROBLEM. BUT I'D MADE MY DECISION. THERE WAS NO GOING BACK NOW. I GUIDED OUR LITTLE CRAFT TOWARD THE GREEN TROPICAL PLANET BELOW AND SIGHED RESIGNEDLY...

Fair Play

HELLO, YOU BIG BEAUTIFUL HUNK OF MALE CHALVINIST, YOU...



I THOUGHT BACK TO THE TIME BRICK AND I HAD FIRST LANDED ON THE LITTLE FOREST PLANET...OUR "HONEYMOON HOME"...

OH, BRICK! IT'S LOVELY!

YEAH, IT'S A BEAUT ALL RIGHT. AND WAIT'LL YOU SEE THE *BIG GAME*!

SPEAKING OF WHICH...

BRICK! E-E-E-E!



Ray Zone



BRICK!
DEAR
GOD!

THAT'S JUST ONE
OF THE SMALLER
ONES, CONNIE BABY,
THERE'S PLENTY
MORE!

DARLING, HOW
CAN WE LIVE
IN SO HOSTILE
AN ENVIRONMENT?



BUT THAT WAS ONLY THE BEGINNING...
ON EARTH BRICK HAD APPEARED THE
PERFECT, CULTURED GENTLEMAN...BUT
HERE ON THE LITTLE TROPICAL WORLD...

I SOON LEARNED EXACTLY WHAT TO EXPECT FROM OUR
"HONEYMOON"...

T-THIS IS
OUR (GULP)
HOME?

C'MON, CONNIE, IT'LL
BE FUN! WE'LL BE
ROUGHING IT!



BETTER HURRY
UP, HON, IT'S ALMOST
DINNER TIME!

YES, DEAR,
WHATEVER
YOU SAY--

BRICK WAS LIKE A KID WITH A
TOY RIFLE...I WAS BEYOND
MISERY...

OH BRICK,
I'M EXHAUSTED,
CAN'T WE
REST?

GOT TO HUNT
IF WE'RE
GOING TO
EAT! HERE,
HAVE A
DRINK...



NO...THAT
JUNGLE WATER
TASTES...FUNNY!



S'OKAY--
I GOT
'EM!



FINALLY...

CONNIE?
WHAT'S
THIS?

I'M LEAVING,
BRICK, I'VE HAD IT!
I'VE HAD IT WITH
MONSTERS AND CAVES
AND SCRUBBING AND
WAITING ON YOU LIKE
SOME KIND OF SERVANT!
EVER HEAR THE PHRASE
'MALE CHALVINIST PIG'
BRICK? THAT'S YOU!



CONNIE...
I LOVE
YOU!

NO, YOU LOVE BEING WAITED
ON! YOU LOVE FLEXING YOUR
BIG MUSCLES AND BLASTING
AWAY THE COUNTRYSIDE!
I'M NOT YOUR WIFE--
I'M JUST ANOTHER
ORNAMENT IN YOUR
PRIVATE LITTLE
MACHO WORLD!



I LOVE YOU, BRICK, NOT
YOUR MUSCLES! NOT YOUR
BRAWN! NOT YOUR GODDAMN
MASCULINITY! I LOVE WHAT'S
INSIDE YOU! WHEN YOU
FEEL THE SAME ABOUT
ME, I'LL BE BACK!

CONNIE,
WAIT!

AND NOW I WAS BACK...FOUR
LONG MONTHS IN DEEP SPACE--
IN DEEP THOUGHT--REALIZING
THAT NO MATTER WHAT HE
WAS, I LOVED HIM...I NEEDED
HIM...

BRICK?
I'M BACK!



BRICK?
DARLING?

YOU SHOULDN'T HAVE
COME BACK, CONNIE...
YOU SHOULD HAVE
KEPT RIGHT ON
GOING. IT'S TOO
LATE FOR US NOW...

DARLING, DON'T SAY THAT! I
LOVE YOU...NO MATTER WHAT
YOU ARE...I TOLD YOU, IT'S WHAT'S
INSIDE THAT COUNTS--



IS IT, CONNIE...
IS WHAT'S INSIDE THE
TRUE MEASURE
OF A MAN...?

THEN BRICK STOOD UP...

YOU WERE
RIGHT ABOUT
THE WATER HERE,
CONNIE...THERE
WAS SOMETHING
FUNNY ABOUT IT...

GASP!
BRICK!

IT WAS HARD AT FIRST, BUT WE LEARNED, BRICK,
AND I...WE LEARNED TOGETHER...



BETTER HURRY
UP, HON, IT'S ALMOST
DINNER TIME!

YES, DEAR,
WHATEVER
YOU SAY...

SULLIVAN
AND
STEVENS



**VANITY #1
ON SALE NOW!**



\$1.50

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No. 1

IT'S
ALL NEW
EXCITEMENT
FROM THE
**STONE
AGE**

VANITY

**WRITTEN AND ILLUSTRATED
BY WILL MEUGNIOT**

**CO-FEATURE AVALONE
BY CAMPITI & ROSS**

TO THE
**SPACE
AGE**

© WILL MEUGNIOT

**COSMIC FUN & FROLIC
PUBLISHED BI-MONTHLY**

PACIFIC! TOMORROW IS HERE!

FIELD DRILL

MAXIE?
YOU IN THERE?
MAJOR?

WHOOOM!

Bolton © 1984



THESE NEW CADETS AREN'T PROUD, PAT. THEY'RE INDIFFERENT. THEY'RE BORED. AND YOU KNOW WHAT? SO AM I...



STORY: BRUCE JONES
ART: JOHN BOLTON
3-D PROCESS: RAY ZONE



A TOAST, GENTLEMEN: MAY YOU ALL COMPLETE YOUR FIELD EXERCISE WITH **TOP HONORS!**

HEAR, HEAR!

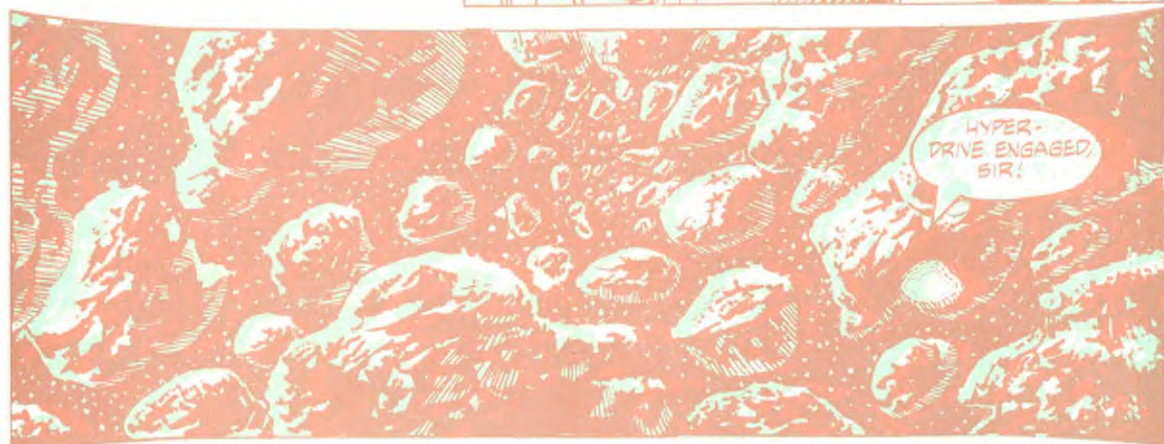
THAT'S A SHAME, SIR, YOU'RE RESPECTED BY EVERY MAN IN THE PLATOON. I'M SURE THE ARMY WILL MISS YOU.

AND ONE MORE TOAST... THIS MAY BE PREMATURE, BUT I PLAN TO RETIRE FROM THE MILITARY AFTER THIS LAST DRILL...



EXCUSE ME, SIR! **METEOR SHOWER!**

THROW HER INTO **HYPER-DRIVE** UNTIL THEY'RE PASSED, BRADSHAW.



SOON...

THE SHOWER IS PASSED, GENTLEMEN: THERE'S OUR DESTINATION. PREPARE FOR COMBAT.

AS MOST OF YOU KNOW, THE "ENEMY" CONSISTS OF A PLATOON OF **HIGHLY ARTICULATED ROBOTS** ARMED WITH **BLANK LASERS**. THE EFFECT WILL **APPEAR** REAL BUT NO ONE WILL ACTUALLY BE HURT...

I LACED YOUR TOASTING CHAMPAGNE WITH A MILD **HYPNO-DRUG** TO ENHANCE THE FEELING OF ACTUAL COMBAT. YOU'LL **HALLUCINATE**-- BUT THE EFFECT WILL WEAR OFF IN A FEW HOURS...







M-MUST BE SOME
FOUL UP IN THE
AN MAT ON CS--

SIR! MAJOR
JACKMAN. I--ACCORD NG
TO MY SENSORS, SIR,
THIS S NOT SIRIAN 7!
WE'RE TWO PARSECS
OFF COURSE!

MY GOD...
THE METEOR
SHOWER...WE
MUST HAVE
MISCALCULATED
WHEN WE WARPED.

ARMSTRONG!



ALL RIGHT HERE T
S: ACCORD NG TO MANNINGS
SENSORS, WE'RE ON NON-
FEDERATION SOIL. THAT
MEANS THE ENEMY, GENTLE-
MEN. S REAL! TH S



--NO! RE JUST SAYING
THAT TO MAKE T MORE
REALISTIC! IT'S PART OF
THE TRAINING!



ARMSTRONG!
GET HOLD OF
SELF. REMEMBER
TRAINING!

KEEP
TOGETHER, NOW
WE'VE GOT TO GET

OH JESUS!
T IS REAL. WE'RE







HEAVY



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YOU'RE SURE THE

THE PLANET
CANNOT EVOLVE

BOOM!

QUADRANT OTHER
ON MARKS

WOOM!

WOOM!

2L
MR DE
KOB
ON OUR WEDDING
NIGHT!





AWAY OFF THERE AMID THE SILENT WINKING LIGHTS

SMALL, ALMOST IMPERCEPTIBLE *DUN-COLORED* SPOT TENTATIVELY. A WEARY SCOWL CREASED HIS BROW. HE BLEW OUT ANOTHER TRED SIGH. HIS *BACK* HURT. HIS HEAD WAS THROBBING. HE WANTED

TOMORROW THERE WOULD BE MORE WORK, THE SAME RE-
TUNE, RE-ALIGN, *DUN* WORK, AND MORE THE DAY AFTER.







YOU DID
A TERRIFIC
JOB.



THEN THE ICE-
BERGS KEPT FREEZING
UP. THEIR WINGS WOULD
STIFFEN SLIGHTLY AND
THEY'D SMASH INTO A
HILL, SCATTER THEIR
MECHANISMS ALL OVER
THE PLACE. SCOTT AND
I WORKED FOR A YEAR
GETTING THAT ONE
RIGHT. SECRET WAS
IN THE LUBE OIL...

THAT WAS SCOTTY'S LAST JOB...
HE GOT TRANSFERRED TO SECTION
W ON MARS. YOU KNOW OF
COURSE WHAT HE WANTED-- HE
WANTED TO DO
FIELD WORK. WE
ALL WANTED TO



REMEMBER JIM BENSON? BEST
MAN IN AUTO-TRONICS? HE
WANTED TO GO AFIELD MORE THAN
ANY OF US. HE BUILT HIS WHOLE
CAREER ON IT! SO WHAT DID PE
...NE. DO--SHIPPED HIM TO SA



NO YOU LISTEN! THOSE W
GOOD MEN HANK. I WAS
GOOD MAN. AND ALL ANY
WANTED WAS TO GET OFF TH
DAMN SOLID STAGES AND I
...HANK, REAL SNOW SO
THEY DO EXIST YOU KNOW



HEY, YOU! NUMBER FORTY-SIX.
PATCH UP THAT CACTUS, DAMN
YOU! I TOLD YOU YESTERDAY!



PHIL, YOU KNOW THE
IMPRACTICALITY OF HUMAN
SPACE TRAVEL BETTER
THAN AN-

SURE! SURE! WE'VE GOT THE ROBOTS,
RIGHT? WHY RISK HUMAN LIFE WHEN
WE'VE GOT ALL THOSE WONDERFUL
ROBOTS? THEY EVEN DO A BETTER
JOB! THEY NEVER WEAR OUT!
THEY'RE PERFECT. PERFECT!
EXCEPT FOR ONE THING
HANK...



--THEY CAN'T
APPRECIATE IT.

THE FRONT OF BUILDING ALL
THESE STAGES-- WHAT'S THE
GOING TO OTHER PLANETS

IN THE BEAUTY OF IT, THE
ORDER OF IT

I HAVE TO GO THROUGH
THE PARKING
-- FOR THE

THAT I'LL JUST START RUNNING
HAPPILY THROUGH THE JUNGLE
ONE NIGHT AND THERE WON'T
BE ANY DOOR, WON'T BE ANY
PARKING LOT, I'LL JUST RUN ON
AND ON LAUGHING AND SHOUTING
AND JUMPING. AND THE JUNGLE
WILL BE REAL AND THE DREAM
WILL NEVER END.

MAXWELL, BENSON, SCOTTY... THEY
ALL WANTED THE SAME THING. THEY
WANTED THE STARS! THE STARS!
BUT YOU KNOW WHO GOT THEM,
HANK? THE ROBOTS... THE ROBOTS
GOT THEM. AND IT'S A SHAME HANK
...IT'S A SHAME...

ROBOTS DON'T
HAVE FAMILIES,
PHIL...

BUT THE GOVERNMENT IS WISER,
RIGHT? THE GOVERNMENT KNOWS
WHAT'S BEST FOR ITS CHILDREN:
THEY'RE SO SMART THEY SEPARATE
ME FROM THE ONLY FRIENDS I
EVER HAD IN THIS CRUMMY JOB.
AND I CAN'T EVEN WRITE THEM.
HANK. THIS CRAP IS SO DAMED

TOP SECRET
THAT I DON'T
EVEN KNOW
IF THEY'RE

WE KNEW
THESE TERRAINS

THAN ANY ROBOT.
WE BUILT THEM!





**BERNI WRIGHTSON #4
COMING THIS SUMMER.**

**PG BERNI
WRIGHTSON**
MASTER OF THE MACABRE

FILM
#4
RECOMMENDED



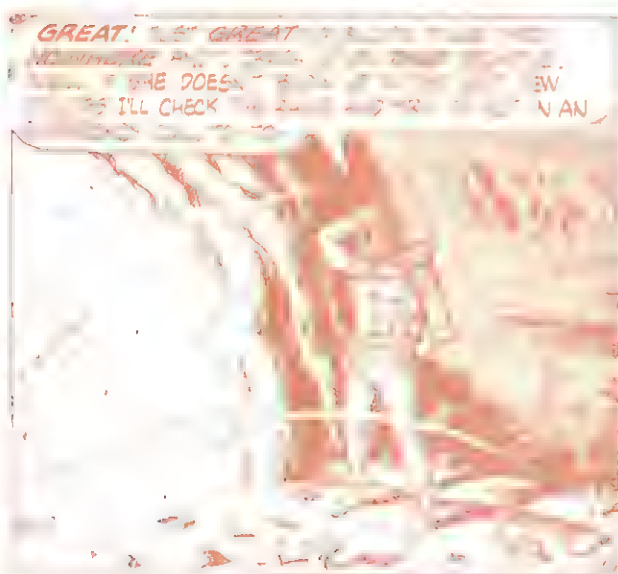
PACIFIC. TOMORROW IS HERE

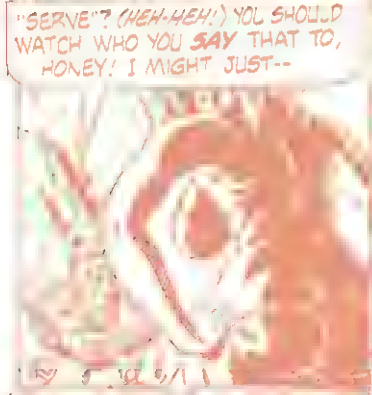
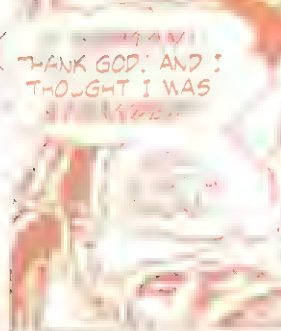
SPACEMAN GO HOME!

COMFORTABLY IN HIS SHOCK COUCH, SLEEPING OR DAYDREAMING, HE WASN'T SURE WHICH. THE SHIP'S WARNING SIGNAL SLICED INTO HIS REVERIE AND BROUGHT HIM TO HIS FEET. THE RED ALERT LIGHT WAS FLASHING, SPRAYING ITS CRIMSON LIGHT ON HIS EYES. HE LOOKED AT THE INSTRUMENT CONSOLE AND SAW THE SHIP WAS GOING NUTS...













...TWO UPPER LEFT, AND
FOUR LOWER... OOPS!
PUSHED FIVE...





LOOK AT THAT--THEY'RE **FLIPPING!**

I GOTTA GET THAT **BRUNETTE** BACK AGAIN. FIND OUT HOW TO RUN THIS THING. LET'S SEE--I PUSHED THREE UPPER **RIGHT**, AND...



HI, LOVER! SHALL I AND--

LATER, LATER! RIGHT NOW I WANT TO GET BACK TO MY **SHIP!**



MOMENTS LATER...

ONE MIDDLE

GHT.

I WHISTLE UP SOME **REPAIR-ROBS** FOR MY SHIP, SWEETIE?



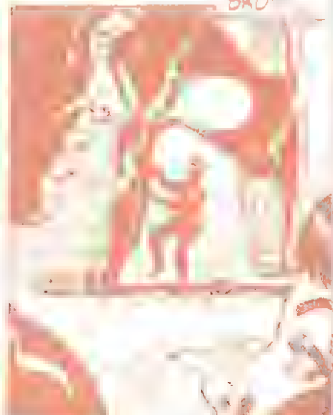
HEY, THAT'S **PERFECT!** OKAY YOU GUYS, GET TO IT! I WANT A BRAND NEW LITTLE STAR SKIMMER--AND WHILE YOU'RE AT IT, ADD A NEW **OBSERVATION DECK!**

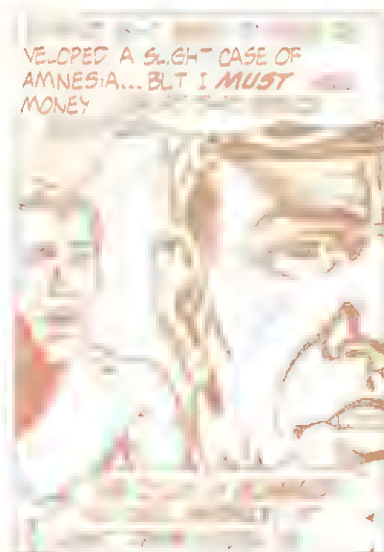
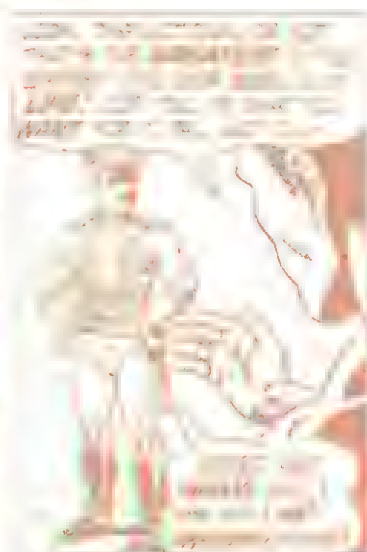


THIS MIGHT TAKE AWHILE, BABE. WHY DON'T YOU AND I GET **COMFORTABLE?**



HE SWALLOWED THICKLY, A COLD LUMP OF FEAR FORMING IN HIS STOMACH, A FILM OF PERSPIRATION DOTTING HIS **BROW.**







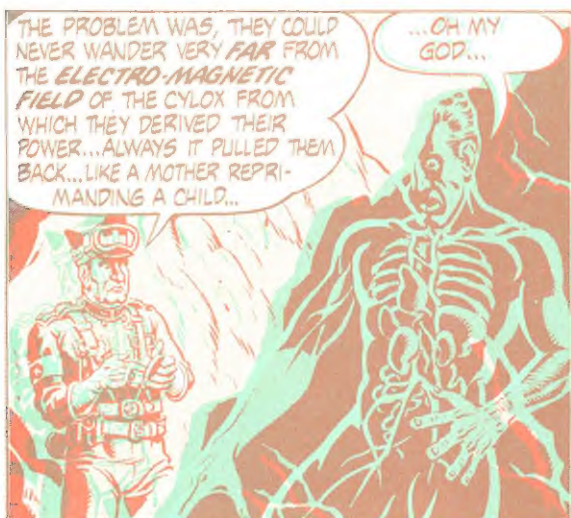
WE USE THE TERM "OVER-EDUCATED" IN DESCRIBING THESE PROTOTYPES. THEY WERE "SMARTER" THEN THEY NEEDED TO BE...SO SMART THAT THEY BEGAN TO CREATE ON THEIR OWN... WITHOUT ANYONE HAVING TOUCHED THEIR BUTTONS...

HEY! THAT'S MY SPACE SKIMMER! WHAT'RE YOU--



--WAIT A MINUTE... HOW COULD THE CYLOX DO THAT?...IT DIDN'T CREATE THE SHIP, I FLEW IT HERE...I...

SOME OF THE CYLOX'S "CREATIONS" BECAME QUITE SOPHISTICATED, QUITE COMPLEX... LIKE "CHILDREN" CREATED BY A MACHINE. AND LIKE ALL NEW-BORN THINGS, THEY HAD NO KNOWLEDGE OF THEIR PASTS... WHO THEY WERE...



THE PROBLEM WAS, THEY COULD NEVER WANDER VERY FAR FROM THE ELECTRO-MAGNETIC FIELD OF THE CYLOX FROM WHICH THEY DERIVED THEIR POWER...ALWAYS IT PULLED THEM BACK...LIKE A MOTHER REPRIMANDING A CHILD...

...OH MY GOD...



... "OVER-EDUCATED" ... THAT WAS THE PROBLEM...



HE LOOKED UP ABRUPTLY, A BRIGHT GLARE OF MOVEMENT CATCHING HIS EYE...



...NO...



YOU WILL TURN OVER THE CYLOX, PLEASE...

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